"APRIL'S LADY."

A NOVEL OF OUR OWN DAY.

Written for The Sun by "The Duchess.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"Bhall we not lengh, shall we not weep!"

It is quite 4 o'clock, and therefore two hours later. Barbars has returned, and has learned the secret of Joyce's pale looks and sad eyes. and is now standing on the hearthrug looking as one might who has been suddenly wakened from a dream that had seemed only too real. And you mean to say-you really mean

Joyce, that you refused him?" Yes. I actually had that much common

sense." with a laugh that has something of bit-

But I thought-I was sure-" "I know you thought he was my ideal of all

things admirable. And you thought wrong." But If not he-Barbara!" says Joyce sharply. "Was it not enough that you should have made one mis-take? Must you insist on making another?"

Well, never mind." says Mrs. Monkton hastily. "I'm glad I made that one, at all evente; and I'm only sorry you have felt it your duty to make your pretty eyes wet about it. Good gracious!" looking out of the win-dow, "who is coming now? Dicky Browns and Mr. Courtenay and those detestable Biskes. Tommy," turning sharply to her first born, " if you and Mabel stay here you must be good. Do you hear now, good! You are not to ask a single question or touch a thing in the room, and you are to keep Mabel quiet. I am not going to have Mrs. Blake go home and say you are the worst-behaved children she ever met in her life. You will stay, Joyce? anxiously to her sister.

Oh, I suppose so. I couldn't leave you to endure their tender mercles alone."
"That's a darling girl! You know I never ean get on with that odious woman. Ah! how d'ye do, Mrs. Blake? How sweet of you to

come, after last night's fatigue." Well. I think a drive a capital thing after being up all night," says the newcomer, a fat little ill-natured woman, nestling herself into the coslest chair in the room. "I hadn't quite meant to come here, but I met Mr. Browne and Mr. Courtenay, so I thought we might as well join forces, and storm you in good earnest. Mr. Browne has just been telling me that Lady Swansdown left The Court this morning. Got a telegram, she said, summoning her to Gloucestershire. Never do believe in these sudden telegrams myself. Stayed rather long in that antercom with Lord Baltimore last night."
"Didn't know she had been in any ante-

room," says Mrs. Monkton. coldiv. "I dare say her mother-in-law is ill again. She has always been attentive to her." Not on terms with her son, you know; so

Lady Swansdown hopes, by the attention you speak of, to come in for the old lady's private fortune. Very considerable fortune, I've heard." "Who told you?" asks Mr. Browne, with a cruelly lively curiosity. "Lady Swansdown?

Pause! Dicky still looking expectant and Mrs. Blake uncomfortable. She is racking her brain to try and find some person who might have told her, but her brain fails her.

The pause threatens to be ghastly, when Temmy comes unconsciously to the rescue.

He had been told off as we know to keep Mabel in a proper frame of mind, but being in a militant mood has resented the task appointed him. He has indeed so far given in to th powers that be that he has consented to accept a picture book, and to show it to Mabel. who is looking at it with him, lost in admiration of his remarkable powers of description. Each picture indeed is graphically explained by Tommy at the top of his lungs, and in extreme bad humor.

He is lying on the rug, on his fat stomach! and is becoming quite a martinet.

Look at this !" he is saying now. "Look.

Mr. Seauciers to going to marry that todecue - Have you already forepages all the compil-line Malighant. Borrid Manchester person. conduct apposites you amail me ! They - with .

don't you know! Can't think what Lady Baltimore sees in her, except"—with a giggle—"her want of beauty. Got rather too much of pretty

women I should say."
"I'm really afraid," says Dicky, "that somebody has been hoaxing you this time, Mrs. Blake," genially. "I happen to know for a fact that Miss Maliphant is not going to marry Beauclerk."

"Indeed!" snappishly. "Ah. well really he is to be congratulated. I think. Perhaps," with a share glance at Joyce, "I mistook the name of the young lady; I certainly heard he was going to be married." 'So am I." says Mr. Browne. "some time or

other: we are all going to get married one day or another. One day, indeed, is as good as another. You have set us such a capital example that we're safe to follow it."

Mr. and Mrs. Biake being a notoriously unhappy couple, the latter grows rather red here; and Joyce gives Dicky a reproachful glance which he returns with one of the wildest bewilderment. What can she mean?

"Mr. Dysart will be a distinct loss when he goes to India." continues Mrs. Blake quickly. Won't be back for years, I hear, and leaving so soon, too, A disappointment, I'm told! Some obdurate fair one! Sort of chest affection, don't you know, ha-ha! India's place for that sort of thing. Knock it out of him in no time. Thought he looked rather down in the mouth last night. Not up to much lately, it has struck me. Seen much of him this time. Miss Kavanagh?"

"Yes, A good deal," says Joyce, who has, however, paled perceptibly. Thought him rather gone to seed, eh?

Rather the worse for wear.' "I think him always very agreeable," says Joyce, icily.

A second most uncomfortable silence ensues. Barbara tries to get up a conversation with Mr. Courtenay, but that person, never brilliant at any time seems now stricken with dumbness. Into this awkward abyss Mabel plunges this time. Evidently she has been swelling secretly on Tommy's comments on their own cat, and is therefore full of thought about that interesting animal.

"Our cat is going to have chickens!" says she, with all the air of one who is imparting exciting intelligence.

This astounding piece of natural history is received with varied emotions by the listeners. Mr. Browns, however, is unfeignedly charmed with it. and grows as enthusiastic about it as even Mabel can desire.
"You don't say so! When? Where?"

mands he with breathless eagerness.
"Don't know," says Mabel, seriously, "Last time 'twas in nurse's best bonnet: but," raising her sweetsface to his. "she says she'll be blowed if she has them there this time!" "Mabel!" cries her mother, crimson with

mortification. "Yes?" asks Mabel, sweetly. But it is too much for every one. Even Mrs. Blake gives way for once to honest mirth, and under cover of the laughter rises and takes her departure, rather glad of the excuse to get away. She carries off Mr. Courtenay.

Dicky, having lingered a little while to see that Mabel isn't scolded, goes, too; and Barbara, with a sense of relief, turns to Joyce, "You look so awfully tired," says she, "Why don't you go and lie down?"

"I thought, on the contrary, I should like to go out for a walk," says Joyce, indifferently. I confess my head is aching horribly. And that woman only made me worse." "What a woman! I wonder she teld so

many lies. I wonder if-" "If Mr. Dysart is going to India," supplies Joyce calmly. "Very likely. Why not. Most men in the army go to India."

men in the army go to India."
"True," says Mrs. Monkton with a sigh.
Then in a low tone: "I shall be sorry for him,"
"Why? If he goes"—coldly—"it is by his
own desire. I see nothing to be sorry about."
"Oh. I do." says Barbara. And then, "Well,
go out. dearest. The air will do you good."

CHAPTER L.

'Tis with our judgment as our watches, none Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

There are a first there?

"There are a foot the sea," any flow the sea of stronger that he could give the sea of stronger that he could give the sea of stronger that he could give the sea of sea of stronger that he could give the sea of sea Lord Baltimore had not spoken in a mere fit of pique when he told Lady Swansdown of his fixed intention of putting a term to his present life. His last interview with his wire had quite decided him to throw up everything and seek

a sardonic smile-" are so sweet to me that I

a sardonic smile—"are so sweet to me that I shall keep them ripe in my memory until death overtakes me—and atter it. I think! You told me, among other wifely things—if my mind does not deceive me—that you wished me out of your life, and Lady Bwansdown with me."

"That is a direct and most malicious misapplication of my words," says she, emphalically, "Is it? I confess that was my reading of them. I socepted that version, and thinking to do you a good turn, and relieve you of both your beles noures at once, I proposed to Lady Bwansdown isat night that she should accompany me upon my endless travels."

There is a long, long pause, during which Lady Baltimore's face seems to have grown into marble. She takes a step forward now. Through the stern pallor of her skin her large eyes seem to give milke fire.

"How dare you?" she says in a volce very low but so intense that it rings through the room. "How dare you fell me of this? Are you lost to all shame? You and she to go on away together! It is only what I have been anticipating for months. I could see how it was with you. But that you should have the insolence to stand before me—" she grows almost magnificent in her wrath—" and declare your infamy aloud! Such a thought was beyond me. There was a time when I would have thought it beyond you!"

"Was there?" says he. He laughs aloud.

"There, there, there!" says she, with farather wild sort of sigh. "Why should I waste a single emotion upon you. Lot me take you calmly, casually. Come—come now." It is the saddest thing in the world to see how she threads down the passionate most natural uprisings within her against the injustice of life: "Make me at least an courant: with you movements, you and she will go—where?"

"To the devil. you will be disappointed as far as she is concerned. I may be going. It appears she doesn't think it worth while to accompany me there or anywhere else."

"You mean that she refused to go with you?"

"In the very baidest language. I assure you. It left nothing to be desired, believe me. in the

pany me she left me free to turn to sport."

"Ah! you refuse to be corrupted?" says she, contemptuousis."

"Think what you will," says he, restraining himself with determination. "It doesn't matter in the least to me now. Your opinion I consider worthless, because prejudiced—as worthless as you consider me. I came here to tell you of my determination to go abroad."

"You have told me of that already. Lady Swansdown having falled you, may I ask."—with studied contempt—"who you are going to take with you now?"

"What do you mean?" says he, wheeling round to her. "What do you mean by that? By heavens:"leying his hands upon her shoulders, and looking with fleroe eyes into her pale face. "A man might well kill you!"

"And why?" demands she, undauntedly. "You would have taken her—you have confessed so much—you had the coarse courage to put it into words. If not her, why"—with a shrug—"then another!"

"There! think as you will, "says he, releasing her roughly. "Nothing I could say would convince or move you. And yet, I know it is no use, but I am determined I will leave nothing unsaid. I will give you no loophole. I asked her to go with me in a moment of irritation, of loneliness. If you will; it is hard for a man to be forever outside the pale of affection and I thought—well, it is no matter what I thought, I was wrong it seems, Asfor caring for her. I care soglittle that I now feel actually glad she had the sense to refuse my soneeless proposal. She would have bored me, I think, and I should undoubtedly have bored her. The proposition was made to her in a moment of folly."

"Oh, folly?" says she with a curious laugh.

"Well, give it any other name you like. And

and I should undoubtedly have bored her. The proposition was made to her in a moment of folly."

"Oh, folly?" says she with a curious laugh.

"Well, give it any other name you like. And after all, in a low tone, "you are right. It was not the word. If I had said despair I should have been nearer the mark.

"There might even be another word," said she slowly.

"Even if there were," says he, "the occasion for it is of your making. You have thrown me over; you must be prepared, therefore, to accept the consequences."

"You have prepared me for anything," says she calmy, but with bitter meaning.

"See here," says he furfously. There may still be one thing left for you which I have not prepared. You have just asked me who I am going to take with me when I leave this place forever. Shall I answer you?"

Something in his manner terrifies her; she feels her face blanching. Words are denied her, but she makes a faint movement to assent with her hand. What is he going to say!

"What if I should decide, then, on taking my son with me?" says he yiolently. "Who is there to prevent me? Not you, or another. Thus I could cut all itee and put you out of my life at once and forever!"

He had certainly not calculated on the force of his words or his manner. It had been a mere anarry suggestion. There was no cruelty is Baltimore's nature. He had never once permitted himself to dwell upon the possibility of separating the boy from his mother.

He had certainly not calculated on the force of his words or his manner. It had been a more angry suggestion. There was no cruelty in Baltimore's nature. He had never once permitted himself to dwell upon the possibility of separating the boy from his mother. Such terrible revenue as that was beyond him, his whole nature would have revolted against it. He had spoken with passion, urged by her contempt, into a desire to show her where his power lay, without any intention of actually using it. He meant perhaps to weaken her intolerable deflance, and show her where a hole in her armor lay. He was not prepared for the effect of his words.

An ashen shade has overspread her face; her expression has become ghostly. As though her limbs have suddenly given way under her, sho falls against the mantelpiece and clings to it with trembling fingers. Her eyes, wild and anguished, each his.

"The child" gasps she in a voice of mortal terror. The child. Not the child! Oh Baltimore, you have taken all from me except that. Leave me my child" "Good heavens! Don't look at me like that, exclaims he, inexpressibly shocked—this sudden and complete anandonment of herself to her fear—has horrifled him. "I never meant it. I but suggested a possibility. The child shall stay with you. Do you hear me Isabel! The child is yours! When I go. I so alone!" There is a moment's sience and then she burst lato terra. It is a sharp reaction and it shakes her bodily and mentally. A wild return of her love for him that first, ewed, and only love of her life, returns to her born of intense gratitude. But eadly, slowly, it dies away again. It seems to her too late to dream of that again. Let serhape her tears have as much to do with that heat love as will her seratitude.

"It is a promise, says she." It is a promise from me to you, and of ourse the word.

"Ah doubt to the last, says he 'it is a promise from me to you, and of ourse the word.

He is a promine. Mays she.

Lee. A promine.

All doubt to the last, says he. It is a promine from the to you and of source the word of seath a reprinciple see you consider the continuous for the promine.

Lee and the says and the promise.

Lee and the says and with a long side.

That trust you recent and with a long side.

That trust you recent and with a long side.

The trust you recent a white heart and the with a tone and in. with a tone passe.

And tone there there again.

And tone there there again.

And tone there there again.

Lee the falls promises well as your lines from the saw gold it done to the there are not lines and any thank from the saw gold it done to be the fall of promises well it was well as a fall of promise to the child order from the saw gold it done to be the continuous of the same and any one of the same and any one of the same and a same than any of the same and any one of the same and a same and any one of the same and a same and any one of the same and a same and any one of the same and

Princess," and accounts of a successful ascan sion, and each day thereafter for the next ten days the papers recorded the fact that "up to this time nothing has yet been heard of the two men who made the ascent on the 3d inst."

I turned up in Bombay in May of the year recorded, after a year and a half in other portions of India, and very soon thereafter it was

announced in the papers that " Prof. Mazam. the celebrated French aeronaut, would soon make an ascension from the public gardens, Three or four days later I ran across the Professor, and I was gratified and surprised to find him to be none other than an old friend whom I had travelled with in China. He was an English-speaking Frenchman who had seen the whole world and taken in all sorts of adventures, and had purchased the balloon of a genuine aeronaut who had reached Bombay with the idea of giving ascensions in all the larger towns in the country. The aeronaut had fallen sick, been despoiled of his cash, and he sold his balloon to Mazam and quit the country in disgust. Mazam was now going into ballooning for the adventures it might bring, and when he invited me to make the first trip with him I was not five seconds in

giving him my promise.

The 3d of June was a fête day, and the city was filled with an immense crowd. The balloon was new, very strong, and Mazam had plans beyond a mere ascension. We packed the car with provisions enough to last a week, took along rifles, revolvers, and ammunition and made all preparations for a long journey. The prevailing winds in Bombay from May to July are from the south, or up the Arabian Sea, and so we privately counted on being wafted inland perhaps to the Turkish boundary. The people in general had the idea that we would descend within a few miles of the town, and more than a score of men came forward and volunteered to make the trip with us. Without her burden of baggage, the balloon could easily have carried five or six men. As it was, she shot up like a bird when all was ready to let go, and in a few seconds the city and its harbor were far below us. We at once started on our inland journey, taking a pace of about fifteen miles an hour, and for three hours everything worked smoothly and well. We made the ascent at sharp 2. At 5 o'clock we met a counter current of air from the north, and in five minutes the balloon had begun to drive back to the south. Ballast was thrown out, and we leaped up to find the cur-rent still stronger above. We then settled down as near the earth as it was safe to go, but still we drove back over our course. Seeing that we had to go, ballast was flung out to give us a higher altitude, and we moved to the northwest at the rate of ten miles an hour. In an hour we could discern the sea and its coast

line, and as ovening came we left the land and hovered over the Guif of Cambay. This was the last seen of the balloon on shore.

White Maxam had never made an ascension before, to say nothing of the management of a balloon, he had no difficulty in handling it, and neither of us was at all timad lit was a serious matter to find sho balloon saling out the same of the same of the same of wind. At about 10 o'clock, our progress then being not over ten miles and hoped for a change of wind. At about 10 o'clock, our progress then being not over ten miles an hour, and a sort of fog shutting out sight of everything below us. I went to seep, Maxam was to arouse me at 12 or 1 to go on watch, but at surrise both of us one not our eyes and turned out at the same moment. He had fallen salesp soon after I did, and the balloon had been left to take care of itself. The compass showed her to the heading due west at a genile pace, but in another half hour she might have been in the sea, everything being surrated and pleated of great surriously to the neople on board of some of them. Ballast was thrown out until we reached an alittude of about 2,000 feet above the sea and the sulloon very buoyant. A still breeze also got up from the east, and by 7 o'clock we were making railroad speed through the air, bound for the coast of Arabia. During the entire day, which was a very pleasant one, our craft took sole care of herself, never varying over fifty feet in her alittude and driving so steadily that one had but to shut his year to the picked up. When many craft during the day, and were consoled by the thought that in case of accident we were pretty sure to be picked up. When many craft during the day, and were consoled by the thought that he case of accident we were pretty sure to be picked up. When many craft during the day, and were consoled by the thought that he case of accident we were pretty sure to be picked up. When many craft during the day, and were consoled by the thought that he case of accident we were pretty sure to be pi

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GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. Over the Arabian Sea and Desert in a In the issues of the Bombay papers of June 4, 5, and 6 of the year 1862 will be found reports of Prof. Mazam and his balloon, "The

chirping of insects that one could hardly make his voice heard without shouting. As we had seen no people about twe did not think it necessary to keep a watch, and both went to sleep about the same time. At midnight "Como, now, but here is a sight worth seeing. Be careful to make no noise.

As I looked over the basket he pointed to the west. There, on the open ground, made almost as light as day by the rising moon, was a large male lion. Then he pointed to the seat, and I turned my syes that way to discover another. Taking our bailoon as a centre, each animal was about five rods away and facing sach other.

They were roaring at each other for lifteen minutes before I awoke you," whispered Mazam. "It was a challenge to combat, and now you will see some tun."

The animals approached each other as you have seen two dogs, each carefully lifting his paws and setting them down, but they did not diminish the distance over a rod before both stopped and stood as if cut from stone. The only signs of life were the low growls of defance. By and by one turned to the right as if to half circle the other. This was met by a counter movement. Then he turned to the left, and was countered again. Then he backed off and the other backed off. The play had been going on in this fashion for at least twenty minutes when the one to the east of us made a rush so swift and sudden that we could not follow him. The beasts grappled and not over, making a tremendous fuse; but after two or three minutes of this one of them turned tail and ran away, hotly pursued by the victor.

The remainder of the night passed without incident, and as daylight came a breeze from the north came with it. After a cold bite we lifted our anchor and were off; but now we found that after every pound of the regular ballond, and as a rush so swift and sudden that we could not follow him. The beasts grappled and to more the north came as breeze from the north came with it. After a cold bite we lifted our anchor and were off; but now we found that after every pound of

Ending the War

As we lay facing the rebel lines around Petersburg that last winter of the war the men in the rifle pits refrained from firing at each other, except when ordered to do so to cover some new movement. One night I was in pit about half a mile from what is known as the " crater." and I soon found that there was a "Johnny" in a pit facing me, and only a stone's throw away. Everything was quiet in that neighborhood, and I had been in the pit about an hour when he called out:

Say, Yank, what about this hyar wah?" What do you mean?" "When are you 'uns gwyne to quit?"
"When you are licked out of your boota,"
"Shool you can't do it in a hundred years,"
"Well, we are going to keep trying." He was quiet for a lew minutes, and said: "Say. Yank, this is an awful wab."

Heaps o' good men being killed." leans o' property gwine to wreck," "Does you uns lay it to me?"
"Well, you are helping to keep the war go-

"And I hadn't orter?"

"And I hash torter?"

"And if I should come over to you uns it might end this fussing?"

"It would help."

"Wall, seems that way to me. 'Pears to be a sort o' duty. If I kin stop this bloodshed an' won't do it then I'm onery mean, hain't 1?"

"You are."

"Hain't got no true speerit in mse, ch?"

"No."
"Then I guess I'll come. I'm abeadin' right
r yur, and do you be keerful that your gun "Then I guess I'll come. I'm anoadin right fur yur, and do you be keerful that your gun don't go off."
He came to my pit, bringing his gun along, and as I passed him to the rear he said:
"This ends the wah and I'm powerful glad of it. Reckon your Gineral Grant will be surprised when he wakes up in the mawnin' an' finds the rebellion all petered out and me a-cating Yankee hard tack."

They had opened a bank at Medina, the first one in the history of the town, and one day after it was in good running order Farmer Adams hitched his horse and wagon in front of the building, looked to see if the crock of butter and basket of eggs were safe, and then entered the building. He was well known to all of the officials, and each had a word for him as he entered. He looked around him in wonder. and then addressed himself to the President. "Wall, Steve Smith, you've gone and opened

"Wall, Steve Smith, you've gone and opened a bank, ch?"

"Yea."
"Git a reg'lar charter?"
"Oh, yea."
"Got things so that robbers can't git the money?"

Yea."
"Wall, now, look-a-here, Steve, I've knowed you a long time, haven't I?"

You have, Mr. Adama."
"Rowed you when your father run off and left the lamily as hard up as a spring coon with a broken leg?"

"Runwed you when you growed up and married Hanner Taylor?"

"Hanner Taylor"
"They is Hanner and the young up. 2"

ried Hanner Taylor?

"Itow is Hanner and the roung 'une?"

"Well, thank you.

"That's proper but what I was goin' to say was that I guess I'll put some money to your bank not a great deal, but list hull fur a neet egg, like

We shall be great do number you with our patitude.

I has but look-a-hors, bices, I don't want no foolig about this binness. When I want my maker I want to find it right here."

And I want to find you here.

And If you has no the best and if you have.

And I want to find you have.

'If continue

And if you bust up the bank and run off with the each in senter of oil has dispend you know what I it do? I'll night but the aid many and foliar you to the rand of the aidth, and whom I described you I I give you the authorised drupping may make so the gard gives over my for the part of the aid of the aid in the drupping may make so the gard of the part of the gard of the part of the foliars to begin on, if a to work of the part of the foliars to begin on, if a to work of the part of the foliars to begin on it sught I than you and they make when I said that shape. That is not obtained you have a but what a begin of the part of they make when I said that shape. That is not obtained you had the away.

When all the sensety for the electricity was become any personal to the sensety of the sensety o

sunthin' about our loss bein' his gain, the good die young, death cometh to the high and low, and so on."

But the windmill man had lost his grip, and he led off with the "Doxology" and closed the business in seven minutes from the start.

Joke's Diversion.

"Dot boy Shake-dot boy Shake!" he mournfully repeated, as a friend asked him if he was no longer in business in St. Louis.

"Jake is your son?" Yes, my son; my idiot."

"What did Jake do?" "Vhell, I goes oop to Chicago to see my sister, who whas dead. Shake whas left to run der store. Peespess thas a leedle off und Shake plans dot he vhill make a diversion. I belief it vhas a diversion, but my head aches so hard I "Yes, it was probably a diversion."

"Vhell, he goes down cellar, und starts sedle fire-not mooch, but shust enough to bring out der ongines und a crowd, und smoke up der goods. It vinas for a great fire sale, you know—goods slightly damaged—leefteen dol-lar suits for five—greatest bonanza for work-ing peoples eafer known in St. Louis."

"I see." "But he gets too much fire, und avhay goes der house, der cloihing, und der peesness."

"But wou were insured?"

"So help me gracious, but der policies run oud at noon, und Shake makes dot diversion at 5 o'clock in der afternoon! All vhas gone oop—all except a determination to go to work und build oop anew. I vhas shust starting in a small vhay again. Maybe you like me to sell you a better suit dan you haf on for four dollar—all wool, well made, indigo dye, und computed to stand in any climate?"

Survival of the Pittest, In going out of Savannah the cars were

pretty well crowded, but a drummer for a Philadelphia house had preempted two whole seats just the same, and was taking things mighty cool. Just after leaving the depot he went into the car shead on some errand, and he had no sooner disappeared than the drummer for a New York house took the vacated seats. He removed all the baggage to the alsie and put his own on the seat, and he was reading a paper when the Philadelphian returned.

"By heavens! but you are a cool one!" he gasped as he took in the situation.

"Thanks," replied the other, as he lifted his hat. "Please repeat in a loud voice, so that all can hear."

"W-what do you mean?"

"Beak of the cooless of the thing as loud as you can. It will be a big ad, for me."

"An ad, ?"

"Certainly, I represent the artificial fee machines of Blank, Blank & Co., and you can throw me \$500 worth of advertising and not. her yourself a bit."

"I'll see you and your machines and your lee in—lifet!" exclaimed the Philadelphian, and he gathered up his traps and took half a seat and sulked for the next fifty miles. seats. He removed all the baggage to the aiste

We were fishing on Brigantine Shoals, half a dozen of us in a yacht, and were having such poor luck that some of the men stretched out for a nap, when a young man from Philadelphia whose ma had hesitated about permitting him to come with us, removed his shoes and dangled his bare feet in the water alongside. He said something about cooling the bilsters made on the soles of his feet by a long walk the day before, but nobody gave him any attention. I was on the other side of the boat, ladly bobbing my line, when I caught

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His Love in a Cell and His Marriage to the Laundress-His Second Marriage and His Threat to Queen Margaret. From the Patt Malt Gazette:

The truth about the romantic love affairs of M. Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, varue rumors of which crop up, whonever his name is mentioned, is fully told in M. F. Narjoux's life of Crismi. He was born in 1819 at Riberia, and after having taken his degree settled as barrister at l'alermo at the age of 22, and married the daughter of the owner of the house where he lodged. Two years later Rosina Sciarra died, and the young man lived for some time entirely for his work and for his country, having become one of the most ardent and enthusiastic of the Young italy party. Before long his zeni for liberty and equality were rewarded by expulsion from his country, and he maintained himself for some time at Marseilles as a yournaist, till the man who had lived under the sunny skies of Skilly coold stand the cold and fogs of the north no longer, and tried to obtain a humble position as clerk at Vero Lungo, a smail place not far from Turia. But, his lotter of applicant, and Crispi remained at Turin till, having been accused of taking part in a revolutionary movement, he was imprisoned in the Painls Madames.

It was in the prison cell of this old palace that the romantic affair began which has cast such deep shadows over the life of M. Crispi. One morning, says M. Narioux, Crispi looked sadiy at the ray of sun which made vain efforts to creep in between the fron bars of the window of his cell, when the door opened and a pretty girl appeared on the threshold smillingly, offering her services to him. Her name was Rosaile Montmasson; she was in the service of the prison laundress, and offered to take the clothes of "messicurs less prisonniers politiques," who were not furnished with clothes by the prison authorities. Rosaile took the prisoner's light bundle of clothes, brought them back, and seems also to have come when there was nothing to take or to bring back; she was the niece of the wife of the turnkey, and lad the run of the prison. The truth about the remautic love affairs

seems also to have come when there was nothing to take or to bring back; she was the niese of the wife of the turnkey, and had the run of the prison.

Crispi was scarcely 34 years old; he was tall slender, tolerably good looking, and resembled in no way the Crispi of the present day. His long hair fell in curls on his shoulders; his eyes wore an audacious, but tender expression, and his smile was very pleasant. He looked melancholy, almost sad, and had, in the girl's eyes, the aureole of a martyr and of the emisent man round his head. And then this ferocious consulrator, this intrepid soldler, could transform himself at will late a fervent lover. Rosalte was before long in love with her handsome client, her illustrious prisoner, and Crispi returned her love.

Presently, the pollee having found no just cause against the prisoner, he was released but was expelled, and went to Maita without any means of subsistence, accompanied by the little laundress. Black misery awaited the lovers at Malta: bread and herbs were their only food for many days, till liosalie, who was always loving, devoted, and full of courage, found some work to do, and Crispi, together with other exiles, founded a small paper, La Maffella, and once more hurled inflammatory articles at his opponents till the Governor of Malta found it advisable to exile him again.

Before leaving Malia ('rispi consistered that he had a duty to fulfil, a duty of love and gratitude toward Rosalie, his faithful companion, whose devotion had been unchangeable and whose fire was linked to his. He wanted to marry her, to make her his legitimate wife; and, in order to prevent thoir impending separation from becoming final, to forge a link which would secure their reunion.

On communicating this desire to his friend and fellow-exile, Giorgio Tamajo, the latter, very calmiy and quietty, tried to convince him that a union like that intended by Crispi was almost invariably followed by regrets and pain, the different education and sontiment of the lovers forming an insurmoun

shoughtds. He wait something about socials the bilisters made on the sole of this feet by long walk the day before but nobody save him are attention. I was on the other side of the state of the state of a shark, head on and just below me the state of a shark, head on and just below me the state of a shark head on and just below me the state of a shark head on and just below me the state of a shark head on and just below me the state of a shark head on and just below me the state of a shark head on and just below me the state of a shark head on and just below me the state of the state